Hell. That he have his, call up some gentlemen.

2 *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray you greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolve you.

Lys. Haile reverent sir, the gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well being on shore, honouring of *Neptunes* triumph, seeing this goodly vessell ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell: It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, til the disaster that one mortall weight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the gods preserve you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt,

stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest now upon the levie shelter that a

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet recoveries name. But since your farre, let us beseech you, that for on, wherein we are not destitut stalenesse.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if God for every graffe would ser our Province: yet once more let the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sir, sir, I will recount it

Enter

Lys. O hee's the Lady that I se Welcome faire one: Ist not a go

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that w Come of a gentle kinde and n Ide wish no better choise, and th Faire and all goodnesse that con Expect even here, where is a k If that thy properous and artific Can draw him but to answer th Thy sacred Physicke shall receiv As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my utter ded, that none but I and my co come neere him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, rous.

Lys. Markt he your Musicke

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lys. See, she will speake to h

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, tha have beene gazed on like a Com

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